

THE PINE KNOT.

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Mr. Claus Spreckels, the great sugar refiner, is reported to be contemplating the experiment of growing beet root sugar in this country in one of the Central Western States. It is claimed that the climate is similar to that in Germany and Austria, where beet root cultivation is a most important industry.

The results of the survey and last census of India are that the area of the peninsula of Hindostan is 1,382,624 square miles, and the population 253,891,821. Although immense tracks of country are annually cultivated, according to the most recent survey ten million acres of land suitable for cultivation have not yet been plowed. At the same time, 120 millions of acres are returned as waste land.

Another chap, who didn't know it was loaded, has got into trouble. J. O. Rudene, a Washington Territory farmer, owned a Holstein bull, worth \$500, which was a little inclined to be cross. It got into the yard one day recently, and Mr. Rudene, intending to frighten the animal, loaded up his shot gun with an extra charge of powder and a large wad of paper. Then, placing himself squarely in front of his bullship, he let drive at short range, and instantly killed his \$500 Holstein.

One by one our idols are torn from us and ruthlessly shattered, and the legends which have served to nourish the faith of innocence are blown to pieces by the horrible investigators and writer of commentaries. Captain John Smith's romance has been shown up as a prosaic affair, and even Washington's hatchet has been effectively disposed of, along with a hundred other historic pieces of hard and soft ware. Now comes Mr. Ignatius Donnelly, of Minnesota, to prove that Shakespeare was not capable of writing even a signed editorial. He has written a book to prove that Shakespeare was a villain of the deepest dye, and that the writings attributed to the immortal Bard of Avon were works of Lord Bacon.

America's dairy interests represent an investment nearly five times as much as the entire bank capital of the country. The banking capital is a little less than \$671,000,000, while the dairy interests amount to more than \$3,000,000,000. The number of milch cows is 21,000,000, giving an aggregate annual milk production of 7,350,000,000 gallons. Four billions of gallons are used for butter, 700,000,000 for cheese, and the remaining 2,650,000,000 go down the throats of the 60,000,000 men, women and babies in this land of freedom. The value of the American dairy products for the last year was nearly \$500,000,000, or \$20,000,000 more than the value of our annual wheat yield, and nearly as much as the total value of our corn crop.

Interesting tables drawn from the last census are introduced by Prof. Henry C. Adams in his recent volume, showing how and where the bonds of the United States are held. Excluding the national banks and foreign holders, the number of persons and corporations receiving interest from registered bonds in the year 1880 was 80,892. This table included \$300,000,000 of bonds that have since been paid off. So the number of holders must have been considerably reduced, perhaps to 50,000. Of these holders, 25,613 held between \$50 and \$500 each, and 52,841 held less than \$2,500 each. The New England States held 17 per cent. of the whole, the Middle States 67 per cent., the Western States 13 per cent. and the Southern States 3 per cent.

The Albuquerque (N. M.) Citizen records the courage and presence of mind of a lady of that place. While in her garden picking berries she felt something bite her on the neck just below the ear. She quickly put her hand to the place when a centipede curled itself around her forefinger. She immediately brushed it off with her other hand, and, strange to relate, did not faint or scream, but ran into the house, and finding the ammonia bottle empty, took a big knife and stuck the blade into the fire in the stove until it got hot, when she applied it to the wound. Next she took some soda and applied that, fastening it by wrapping a cloth around her neck. By this time her neck began to swell, and she says she felt as though the top of her head was about to secede, and closed her teeth tightly to make sure that her head was not gone. In a short time she felt greatly relieved, and then informed her daughter. She did not even call for a doctor, but she has procured another supply of ammonia.

A Bear Hunter's Close Call.

The largest bear any of us ever saw was a cinnamon that came within an inch of killing one of my men, a good hunter and first class guide—Charles Huff. He had set his traps near Sunlight, in the spring, and was unable to visit them for a week. When he got to the bait, trap and log were gone. After taking up the trail he soon found the remnants of his log chewed to match wood; the bear, evidently a large one, had gone off with the trap. He followed his trail as long as he had light, but found nothing, and had to return to camp. Next day, very foolishly, he took the trail again alone, beginning where he had left off. After a long march he came to the steep side of a hill; the bear had evidently gone up there; on the soft, snow-sodden ground the trail was plain. Just as he was beginning to ascend there was a rush and a roar, and the bear was on him. He had no time to put his repeater to his shoulder, but, letting it fall between his hands, pulled the trigger. The bear was within a few feet of him, and by a great chance the unaimed bullet took him between the eyes. He had evidently tried the hillside, and, worried by the heavy trap, had come back on his trail and lain behind a great heap of dirt, into which he had partly burrowed, waiting for his enemy. Among the debris of spring-tide—fallen stones and unrooted trees—a bear could easily lie hidden, if he was mad and wanted to conceal himself, till the enemy was within a few feet.—*Scribner.*

Permission to Go Home.

Bess went to church one sultry day;
She kept awake, I'm glad to say,
Till "fourthly" started on its way.

Then the moments into hours grew;
Oh dear! oh dear! what should she do?
Unseen, she glided from the pew,

And up the aisle demurely went,
On some absorbing mission bent,
Her eyes filled with a look intent.

She stopped and said, in plaintive tone,
With hand uplifted toward the dome,
"Please, preacher-man, can I go home?"

The treble voice, bell-like in sound,
Disturbed a sermon most profound;
A titter swelled as it went round.

A smile the pastor's face o'erspread—
He paused, and bent his stately head;
"Yes, little dear," he gently said.
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WORDS OF WISDOM.

Whatever your dislike in another, take care to correct in yourself.

Ability involves responsibility. Power, to its last particle, is duty.

An effort made for the happiness of others, lifts us above ourselves.

Kindness has converted more sinners than either zeal, eloquence or learning.

There is more danger in a reserved and silent friend than in a noisy, babbling enemy.

Those who can look with dry and undisciplined eyes on another's sin, never truly mourned for their own.

Whilst you are prosperous you can number many friends; but when the storm comes you are left alone.

Self control lies at the foundation of character. He that does not control himself must be controlled by others.

The use of traveling is to regulate imagination by reality, and instead of thinking how things may be, to see them as they are.

Be what thou singly art, and personate only thyself. Swim smoothly in the stream of thy nature, and live but one man.

A good man always profits by his endeavor; yet, when he is absent; nay, when he is dead, by his example and memory.

Advice should be like a gentle fall of snow, and not like a driving storm of hail. It should descend softly, and not be uttered hastily.

Many a man thinks admirably who has a poor utterance, while others have a charming manner of speech, but their thoughts are trifling.

He who in questions of right, virtue or duty sets himself above ridicule is truly great, and shall laugh in the end with truer mirth than ever he was laughed at.

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